

Today

by

David Chirot
Cheryl Penn

Foreword:

Today:

Edition of 12 chapbooks, 1 book. David Chirot and I maintain an erratic email correspondence, but when his messages arrive their energy is rapid, like fast footfalls pounding the pavements of the city where he lives. One feels the *truth* of the *true* lives David inhabits within the spilling of his emailed words, falling too fast to take breathes between. If one searches one can find the FACTS about a person - where they live, where they went to school, but these words speak nothing of The Person. That comes through sharing Words. Many thanks David - what a privilege. Correspondence for this collaboration with David began 14th August 2014, and has not ended - it was just time to commit to the printed word. The pockets open out to reveal copies of two rubbings David sent and two visual poems I made on the day the books were complete.

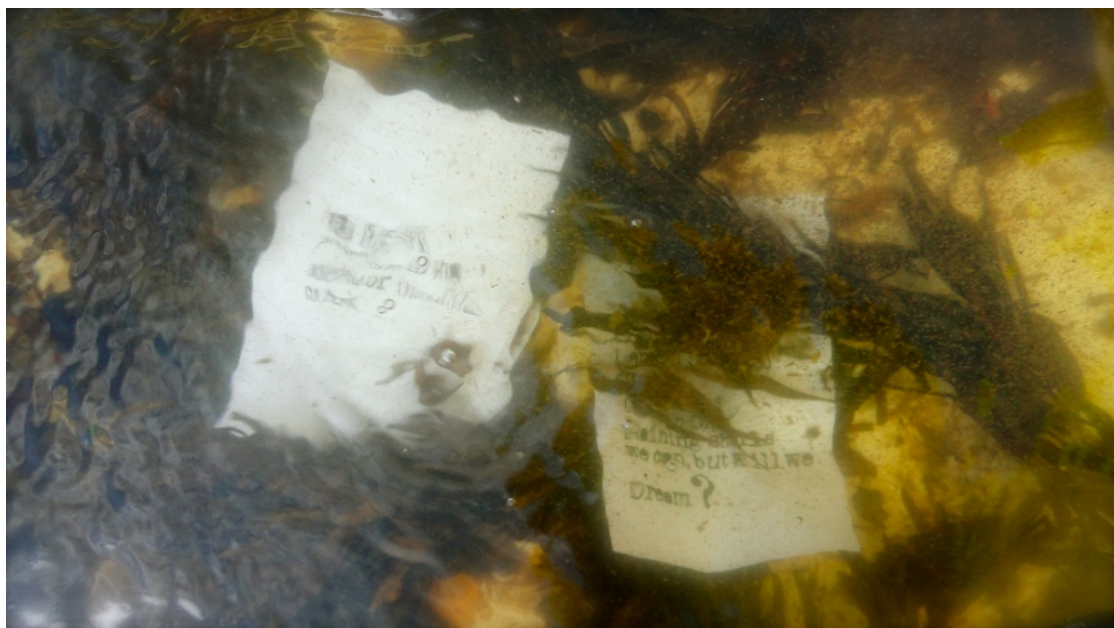
“constantly seeking a perfection we demand most harshly from ourselves, we never feel we are disciplined enough”

David Chirot. 13th August 2014.



David Chirot.

ASEMIC ORANGE GOLD LETTERING FRAME WITH LA
POESIE M'ILLUMINE



Cheryl Penn.

Shall we Dream Today?

Today

14th August

where the wind called
I went
corner-corridor(long)- whisper
following
data to Ether - binding
books with Japanese
paper
saw Tokyo in the letter box.
Smock frocks
To-Do-Lists not done
pots smell of oranges
palm shadows on the blind
life
a b-#-major.

add-on
43 minutes 12 seconds -
how was your day?
Trigger the alarm -

Good shot small boy!

14th September 2014

Today I reached again
in dream
the Wall above the barbed wire the parapets focused
their steady round:
machine gun toting soldiers,
their eyes on one as bright as searchlights
in darkness a chilly wind blew damp death in a shadowed
fog
the passers by all stared at one
impassive search lights
the eyes of trench coated men
and women
from **darkness** to blinding light and back again
a blinding carousel

one rode,
lighting
a cupped cigarette
an ironic recognition
 and resistance to megaphone voices

Today I saw you again,
down by the junkyard wall
your thick bodied back
half turned from me
the long trench coat dirty and unbuttoned
with a paranoids nod and covert glance
you snuck looks at me
as you hunched
by **the Wall**

Writing in the diamond blue eye cutting light
your hands hung over
 and cold
 scrawling a notebook poem
with a blunt construction site pencil
with each syllable
you slighted turned
 and from the Wall
 broadcast telepathic visual sounds

I in my turn inscribed
each **thick** penciled letter
standing atop a favorite area
 of the building wreck
the movements of writing slowly
 with frozen fingers
began to sing to me the bleakness
 of
your winter spaces
in a vertigo you finally
 looked directly at me
with a "shock of recognition"
we each went our separate opposite ways along the Wall

Today that same dreamed today
I went to hear your singing
and
 land-speed record guitar
your oceanic bellowing's
your anguished screams
today I pushed aside thick curtains
eluded
gigantic drinking body guards
the barefoot drummer first noticed me
 whispering
 asked if
if I cd give your hunched back
beer drinking face **again**
turned from me

Today Bob I said Bob
 telepathically
he turned and rose to meet me
his eyes strangely small
 in big homely face
coming out of the depths to greet **me**
he telepathed
 --you---you're here again
yes
today
I said softly

Today you wrote a poem
slouching by the **Wall**
you seemed to be asking me today in the dream
 down by 8
 the collapsing Wall
to copy with frozen fingers
each harshly lyric letter

Today I said I've come
to keep my word
Today to give the words back to you
Today he said
what fun we had
Today writing a poem even written illegible to myself
Today my fingers shook and your steady street loving hands
Kept them safe for me
Today he says
softly
Today we met.

Today again I am back **at the Wall**
a German voice
harshly
gunning warning words
Today I said
Today have no fear of me
Today i have come
to write down a poem
Take your day's meditations,
set them down
I'm leaving Today
I cannot leave with out
giving you your poem
Today he stared at me
--what poem?

Today *fear rage*
and an odd laughter
came to me
--Today, Today--
There I said, there's your poem
Laughter with me today

Yes
he laughed today
I could have shot you
And that be another poem.

Today
6th September
metamoments persuaded
to bind themselves
into the pages
of a book
No Herculean effort
just a willing will.
and the sun shines still
so
why not?

Today
16th September
Today broke in such a way
I thought it evening first
An inner shock to have missed the bank
errands letters friends work
the phone

Gradually in reverse
the time
reset itself
Stars in heavens one navigates by
consolidated in cloud obscured sun
7AM!----not PM!--

Air in room cold, quiet, as leftover lamb
Gnawing on the bones of awakening
Odd found totemic objects
 emerge slowly
Adjusting fading dyslexic eyesight
New choreographies appear
The singing of things
Begins broken scattershot **drumming**
Among the gathering muscles, nerves & bones
 Bending slowly
 to papers on the floor
assorted found images, shadows,
HUNGER's opening pages
walk vividly through the door
the advertisements for shrouds
Hanging in the near empty room
The rocking chair, pencil stub
Luxury of blank paper pages.

**How many rooms
come back
From books letters & life**

Move gently, bones!

Thrill softly, nerves!

**Make room, memories' roads
For journey of Today**

Today 6th September

and -- *the snow turned grey*
the blocks rose and fell to reveal (The Verge)
Our defenses are adapting, evolving
they're coming through the breach
(We are **no longer viable**?)
one more chance
the mental wall is authorized
they're prepared to fund you
for 1 more minute -
only
if you surrender.
is it over?
the good news -
we can reach
 the top of the wall
 where **most** lost letters breathe.

TODAY

This caught my eye,
words ether tumbling
0
So inexactly
a residual anxious fear:
"Thus I worry suddenly I have lost track with how to write responses, to
stay within the field and rhythms of our work together".
I said
 - no **screamed** words
to the wind
we can force the breach to stabilize
and change its structure
 Newton hear me out
for a second
we can win
Coz everyone is different from the next
this was harvested
they're close but not the same
damaged words
 but alive
we can tap in.

I could tell
 exactly how
to take a neural surge
 your data on my desk
 fortune favors the brave dude
(that's you)
and we are
the golden ones
(tarnished).
gypsy danger
with a double core
 new fluid synapses
 with red bowties.

Today
20th October

okay?
I said to the airline guy
 I'm done here, right?
with a key stroke
I can unleash an army
of falling numbers
tumbling through space
its 9.30 you told me
I would get my brain back
at 10.
Any anomalies
Crying fits?
come on!

The violins are fine tuned,
no party frocks in sight.
Are you ok?
I'm not supposed to say anything
but some one broke into the library.
Mingle please
when all humans are extinct
start up a conversation
you own all your remaining
minutes
May I take a few
seconds?

How might I own remaining minutes
a few seconds only would I keep
the rest
to "read" your eyes
listen to you sing
mingle with you
in castles made of sand
curling toes together
laughing at illegible marks
made by shifting tides

dissolving into a painting shared

push the small button
it's the passage to
air castles
and leaking paintings
its unlocked
BUT
the phone rang
he didn't know the number
so he left it
knowing there was
no off -switch.
The car in the driveway was late
very late
in fact the day had passed
the sun had set
and still
the view withered.

she went for a walk
the road had turned winter
the shutters were coming down
and the steps between had broken.

Today
the wind blew so hard
we could topple
over the cliff and drown
in a sea of nations
trying to catch a fragment
a single thought
a grain of sand
a desert storm.

tiny trees I'm trying to grow
caught in their
first gale
cats scatter
leaves fly so high
circles of their own making.

I'm sorry I should have warned you -- you were
tapping into two fears
the helplessness
the hardest part is the silence
of your heart,
when was the last time you saw it?

Sit down Plato
your emotions are vital
we must be certain
that **you** remain **you**
the insert will always
contain your human wires
a security profile
in protection
a chemist in common
they did not know each other
but now
restricted irrational academics

can detonate a stop
from outside
there's a rider out there -
a huge stable of mules
exposure of leverage
find them - they degrade quickly
these beasts
in the wars we fight.

EMERGE

emerge

o

ones who speak

sing

from out the stones' touch

scattered one

shifting ones

the secret

that stars & stones share--

calling out

crying out

for one's touch--

to

caress

loneliness

--they emerge--

and find

one who

finds also back

an uncanny recognition

a rubBEing



David Chirot.

ASEMIC ALL OVER PAINTING ORANGE TINTS
YELLOW GOLD RED LOVELY



Cheryl Penn.

Today - will we still dream?

Book made for
An Encyclopedia of Everything - The Expanded Version.

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Fonts distinguish Wordsmiths:

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Many thanks David.

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